

# THE SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE.

A REFLEX OF POPULAR EVENTS.

Devoted to Progress, the Rights of the South, and the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge among all Classes of Working Men.

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## Selected Poetry.

### Little Lucy, and the Words She Sung.

A little child, six summers old,  
So thoughtful and so fair,  
There seem'd about her pleasant ways  
A more than childish air,  
Was sitting, on a summer eve,  
Beneath a spreading tree,  
Intent upon an ancient book  
Which lay upon her knee.  
She turned each page with careful hand,  
And strain'd her sight to see,  
Until the drowsy shadows slept  
Upon the grassy lea;  
Then closed the book and upward look'd,  
And straight began to sing  
A simple verse of hopeful love—  
This very childish thing:  
"While here below, how sweet to know  
His wondrous love and story,  
And then, through grace, to see His face,  
And live with him in glory!"  
That little child, one dreary night  
Of winter wind and storm,  
Was tossing on a weary couch  
Her weak and wasted form;  
And in her pain, and in its pause,  
But clasp'd her hands in prayer—  
Strange that we had no thoughts of heaven,  
When hers were only there—  
Until she said, "O mother, dear,  
How sad you seem to be!  
Have you forgotten that He said,  
"Let children come to me?"  
Dear mother, bring that blessed book,  
Come, mother, let us sing."  
And then again, with faltering tongue,  
She sang that childish thing:  
"While here below, how sweet to know  
His wondrous love and story,  
And then, through grace, to see His face,  
And live with him in glory!"  
Underneath a spreading tree  
A narrow mound is seen,  
Which first was cover'd by the snow,  
Then blossom'd into green;  
Here first I heard that childish voice  
That sings on earth no more;  
In heaven it has a richer tone,  
And sweeter than before;  
For those who know His love below—  
So runs the wondrous story—  
"In heaven, through grace, shall see His face,  
And dwell with Him in glory!"

DEGREES OF BLISS IN HEAVEN.—Every true child of God will reach heaven—dwell there forever; but the Scriptures clearly teach, that although none will purchase heaven with works, all will be rewarded according to their works. "The more we keep ourselves in the love of God," said Dr. A. Alexander, "the more meet shall we be for the heavenly inheritance, where perfect love reigns in every heart. Not only so, but the richer reward will be possessed; for notwithstanding the imperfection of our services, God is pleased to make our good works here, the measure of the reward which he will bestow hereafter. All his people are equally justified, but all will not be equally glorified. "In our father's house are many mansions," and some are doubtless much nearer the celestial throne than others. Some saints will occupy in heaven a much higher and more honorable throne than others. All will be as happy as they are capable of being; but the capacity of those who loved God most fervently and constantly, will be greater than that of those who loved him less."

What an encouragement is offered by this doctrine to the cultivation of an ardent piety, and to the performance of an abundance of good works.—Forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord. This can be truly said of no other labor. There is no treasure laid up for future use, so safe as that which is laid up in heaven; and no labor so certainly yielding treasures, as those performed in the service of God.—Dr. Rice.

The man whose feelings were "worked up" has obtained a fresh supply.

## Interesting Little Stories.

### THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.

A curious story is related of the "fierce wars and faithful loves of the Indians." It is connected with one of the immense mounds which gave so striking a peculiarity to the scenery of the prairies. A few years since, at the base of this mound, a chief resided whose young daughter was a lovely girl of uncommon beauty, and this beauty was but the external manifestation of a pure and noble spirit. As a matter of course, she had many admirers among the young braves of her nation. Her nature was above the arts of a coquette; and loving one among them all, and only one, she hesitated not to let her preference be known not only to the Young Eagle, who had won her heart, but also to those whose suit she had rejected.

Among the rejected suitors, one alone so laid it to heart as to desire revenge. He, the Prowling Wolf, was filled with rage, and took little pains to conceal his enmity, though he manifested no desire for open violence. Both these young men were brave, both skillful in the use of weapons, which, far away in the buffalo plains, had sometimes been used in battle; but while Young Eagle was noble, generous in spirit, and swayed by such high impulses as a young savage may feel, the Wolf was reserved, dark and sullen; and the naturally lowering brow seemed, after the maiden had refused him, to settle into an habitual scowl.

The friends of the Young Eagle feared for his safety. He, however, was too happy in the smiles of his chosen bride to trouble himself concerning the enmity of another, especially when he knew himself to be his equal both in strength and skill.

The happy couple were in the habit of meeting at the top of the mound—Young Eagle armed with a revolver he had received from a white. One summer evening, just as the moon was up, Young Eagle sought the top of the mound for the purpose of meeting his future bride, for their marriage was agreed upon, and the appointed day was near. One side of this mound is naked rock, which, for thirty feet or more is almost perpendicular. Just on the edge of this precipice is a footpath, and by it a large, flat sandstone rock forms a convenient seat for those who would survey the valley, while a few low bushes are scattered over a part of the crest of the mound. On this rock Young Eagle sat him down to await the maiden's coming.

In a few minutes the bushes rustled near him, and rising, as he thought, to meet her, a tomahawk flashed by his head, and in the next instant, he was in the arms of a strong man, and forced to the brink of the precipice. The eyes of the two met in the moonlight, and each knew the struggle was for life. Pinioned as his arms were by the other's grasp, the Eagle frustrated the first effort of his foe, and then a desperate wrestle, a death wrestle, followed. The grasp of the Wolf was broken, and each instantly grasping his adversary by the throat with the left hand sought his weapon, with the right—the one his knife the other his revolver. In the struggle the handle of the knife of Wolf had been turned in the girdle, and missing it at the first grasp, ere he could recover himself, the revolver was at his breast and a bullet through his heart. One flash of hatred from the closing eye, and the arm of the dying warrior relaxed; and as the body sank, the Eagle hurled it over the precipice, and, in his wrath, fired bullet after bullet into the corpse as it rolled heavily down; and this not satisfying his revenge, he ran round down the side of the mound, and tore off the scalp of his foe.

There had been no witness of the combat for the young girl did not arrive till its termination, when her lover was scalping his victim. His life was therefore in imminent danger from the justice of the tribe, and he knew that his only chance was to stand upon his defence. His chance arose from the custom of the Indians that if the murderer escaped the blow of the avenger of blood—the nearest relative of the victim—the family were at liberty to accept a ransom for the life of their kinsman. The Young Eagle at once took his resolution, sustained by the advice of his friends. Completely armed, he took possession of the top of the mound, which was so shaped that while he was concealed, no one could approach him by day without being exposed to his fire—and the two devoted and skillful allies, which, together with his position, rendered him far more than a match for his single adversary, the avenger of blood—the brother of the Wolf. These allies were his bride and a large sagacious hound, which had long been his hunting companion, and had guarded him many a night when camping on the prairies. The girl had in her veins the blood of Indian heroes, and she quailed not. She demanded, with lofty enthusiasm, to be made his wife, and then acquiesced with every stratagem of savage war, and with every faculty sharpened by affection, and her husband's danger, she watched, and warned, and shielded him with every art that the roused spirit could

suggest, and which could be safely practiced. The brother of Wolf prowled about the fortress night and day. In the daytime to ascend the mound far enough for action would have been to place himself helpless and without care, within range of the warrior's rifle; and at night he could not even put his foot upon its base without the baying of the hound giving its master warning. He at length hit upon a stratagem; and by careful observation of his young wife, who was frequently going and coming, that she might supply her husband, succeeded in imitating her dress, walk, and manner so completely, that he hoped to deceive both man and dog. His scheme was skillfully executed. The dog wagged his tail, and the master spoke to his avenger as his wife when there were only a few feet between them; but suddenly the gallant hound discovering his mistake threw himself with a yell upon the throat of the enemy, and bore him to the ground. The Young Eagle now deprived him of his arms; but the next moment, from an impulse of generosity, he set him free and sent him home armed as usual.

This was the turning point of the savage drama. The shudder of blood surrendered himself to the justice of the tribe to offer a ransom, or, if that was rejected, to lay down his life without resistance. At the day appointed, the parties met in an open space with hundreds to witness the scene around. The Eagle, all unarmed, was first seated on the ground, then by his side was laid down a large knife, with which he was to be slain if the ransom was not accepted. By his side sat his wife, her hand clasped in his, while the eyes even of old men were dim with tears. Over against them, and so near that the fatal knife could be easily seized, stood the family of the slain Wolf, the father at the head, by whom the question of life or death was to be settled. He seemed deeply moved and sad, rather than revengeful. A red blanket was now produced, and spread upon the ground. It signified that blood had been shed which was not yet washed away, the crimson stain remaining. Next a blanket all of blue was spread over the red one. It expressed a hope that the blood might be washed out in heaven, and remembered no more; and last, a blanket purely white, was spread over all, significant of desire that nowhere on earth or in heaven a stain of blood should remain, and that everywhere, and by all, it should be forgiven and forgotten.

These blankets, thus spread out, were to receive the ransom. The friends of Eagle brought goods of various kinds, and piled them high before the father of the slain. He considered them a moment in silence, and then turned his eye to the fatal knife. The wife of the Eagle threw her arms around her husband's neck, and turned her eyes imploringly full on the old man's face without a word. He had stretched his hand towards the knife when he met that look. He paused; his fingers moved convulsively, but they did not grasp the handle. His lips quivered and then a tear was in his eye. "Father," said the brother, "he spared my life." The old man turned away. "I accept the ransom," he said: "the blood of my son is washed away. I see no stain now on the hand of the Eagle, and he shall be in the place of my son."

### THE PARENT'S LEGACY.

Whoever has traveled among the Scottish hills and dales, cannot have failed to observe the scrupulous fidelity of the inhabitants to the old family Bible. A more honorable trait of character than this cannot be found; for all men, whether Christians or Infidels, are proud to put reliance in those who make the Bible their confidant, and whose well-thumbed pages show the confidence which their owners possess in it.

A few years ago there dwelt in Ayre shire an ancient couple, possessing of this world's goods sufficient to keep them independent from want or woe, and from tottering steps. A gallant of a farmer became enamored of the daughter, and she, nothing loath, consented to become his. As the match was every way worthy of her, the old folks contented, and as they were desirous of seeing their bairn comfortable, they were made one. In a few short years, the scythe of time cut down the old couple, and they gave their bodies to the dust and their souls to their Creator.

The young farmer, having heard much of the promised land beyond the sea, gathered together his duds, and selling such as were useless, packed up those calculated to be of service to him at his new home. Some neighbors, having the same itching for adventure, sold off their homes and homesteads, and set sail for America.

Possessed of considerable property in the shape of "siller," this company were not like the generality of emigrants, poor and friendless, but happy and full of hope for the future. The first thing done after landing, was taking out their old heir-loom, and returning thanks and praise to Him who had guided their bark to a safe haven.

As the farmer's object in coming to this country was to purchase a farm and follow his occupation, but little time was spent in the city he had arrived in, and as his fellow

passengers had previously determined on their destination, he bade them farewell, and, with a light heart, turned his face towards the setting sun. Indiana was, at this time, settling fast, and having heard of its cheap and fertile lands, he determined on settling within its borders.

On the banks of the Wabash he fixed on a farm, and having paid cash for one half, gave a mortgage for the balance, payable in one year. Having stocked his farm and put seed in the ground, he rested from his labor, and patiently waited the time when he might go forth and reap the harvest; but, alas! no grain gladdened his heart or rewarded his toil. The fever of the country attacked him, and at the time when the fields were white with the fulness of the laborer's skill, death called him home, and left his disconsolate wife a widow, and his only child an orphan.

We leave this first sorrow, and pass to the struggles of the afflicted widow a year afterwards. The time having passed when the mortgage was to be paid, she borrowed the money of a neighbor who had been very attentive to her husband and to herself, one who knelt at the same table with her to renew their professed obligations to the Giver of all Good. Hard and patiently did she toil to repay the sum against the promised time; but all would not do—fortune frowned and she gave way to her accumulated troubles. Disheartened and distracted, she relinquished the farm and the stock for a less sum than she owed her Christian neighbor, who, not satisfied with that, put an execution on her furniture.

On the Sabbath previous to the sale, she took courage, and strengthened with the knowledge of having labored none, went to the temple of her Father, and with a heart filled with humanity and love, poured out her soul to "Him who turneth not away," and having communed side by side with her Christian neighbor, returned to her desolate home.

Here her fortitude had like to have forsaken her, but seeing the old family Bible, she reverently put to her lips and sought consolation from its pages. Slowly she perused its holy inspiring verses, and gathered hope from its never failing promises.

The day of sale having arrived, her few goods and chattels were in due course knocked off to the highest bidder. Unmoved she saw pass from her possession article after article without a murmur, till the constable held up the old family Bible. This was too much. Tears flowed and gave silent utterance to a broken heart. She begged the constable to spare her this memento of her revered and departed parents; the humane man of law would have willingly given it to her, but her inexorable creditor declared that every thing should be sold, as he was determined to have all that was owing to him.

The book was therefore put up, and about being disposed of for a few shillings, when she suddenly snatched it, and declaring she would have some relic of those she loved, cut the slender thread that held the brown linen cover, with the intention of retaining it. The cover fell into her hands, and with it two flat pieces of thin, dirty paper. Surprised at the circumstance, she examined them, and what was her joy and delight to find that they called for five hundred pounds on the Bank of England. On the back of one, in her mother's handwriting, were the following words:

"When sorrow overtakes ye, seek yer Bible." And on the other, in her father's hand, "Yer father's ears are never deaf."

The sale was immediately stopped, and the family Bible given to its faithful owner. The furniture sold was readily offered to her by those who had purchased, which she gladly took back.

Having paid off her relentless creditor the utmost farthing, and rented a small farm house in the village of —, she placed the balance of her money in such a way as to receive interest enough to keep her comfortable, and is now able to enjoy the prospects of the old family Bible without fear of molestation. Her time and attention are devoted to the bringing up of the bright, blue-eyed Alice, and if the happy smiles of the countenance may be considered an index of the heart and mind, little Alice bids fair to be a shining star in the community of which she at present forms but a unit.

At the meeting-house, in the centre of the village may be seen, every Sunday, sitting about half way up the south aisle, a lady about thirty years of age, dressed in deep mourning, with the beauty of holiness, but on whom may be seen deep traces of sorrow.

At the public house, in the same place and at the same time, may also be seen a being in the garb of man, bloated and setting over the poisoning bowl. The one is the professing widow—the other the professing neighbor.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"—Beware of top heavy names, such as Byron, Washington, and Shakespeare, which only serve to belittle the wearer. Better by half call them all John and Mary. Give them good, plain, manly, spelling-book titles, and then, if any man picknances your child, prosecute him for slander.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### "Never Had An Offer."

Look at her as she sits sewing by the window with the clear light on her forehead, and a cherry smile brightening her whole countenance! Many a maid less fair of face, less gently bred, less kindly dispositioned, goes to the bridal altar every day. True, her cheeks have lost the first fresh flush of early maidenhood; her form is not so round and symmetrical as it was a few years since; and the shining braids of her dark hair have parted with somewhat of their old luxuriance and gloss. But look deeper into her blue eyes and you will see there womanly purity, serenity of thought and earnestness of purpose enough to counterbalance these deficiencies. You will read the expression of a heart that puts its own loneliness under foot, and compels it to lift her one step towards a higher life—that has strung the spotless lilies of contentment upon the very cord which binds her back from the mated lot of other women.

Never had an offer! What a pity! There are wives who sell themselves for gold to husbands they cannot love—willing to exchange the white pearls of maidenly truth and purity, for pasteboard jewels, so that they only glitter in golden settings. There are others, (in shame and pity for my sex I say it,) who prefer marrying their inferiors in mind and heart, linking themselves to pollution even, rather than carry to the grave the honest name bequeathed to them in the cradle. They are the ones that angle for husbands, who delight in "offers," who despise "old maids." Among them you will find the heartless, extravagant woman of fashion, and the Mrs. Caudles of domestic life. Following in their train are bankrupt business men, hen-pecked husbands, spoiled children.

Never had an offer! Perhaps if she had strayed farther from the charmed ground of genuine modesty and womanly worth—if fashionable novels had occupied the place of the work-basket—if she had drained the purse of a hard working father to gratify a foolish pride of dress, or been content to shine a giddy, mincing, artful attendant at balls and fashionable parties, instead of a gentle, self-sacrificing, ministering angel in the home-circle, she might, ere now, have enjoyed the blessed privilege of devoting the dregs of her wasted life to the service of some smitten simpleton or dissipated rascal.

Never had an offer! Probably she never will have one. There will be no strong hand clasped in hers to lead her safely when her unsteady feet are crossing the quicksand of evil; no dear voice to whisper that she is all the world to one true heart, when her life rings like a hollow mansion with the echoes of its own solitude; no rosy children to clasp her neck and nestle in her bosom. But if she must give up this sweetest part of woman's destiny because no whole-hearted, worthy man ever asked her to bless his path with her companionship, she, at least, has not misadvised for it vainly, and staked the holiest portion of her nature on the throw for a husband. God bless her!

### Toll Gate of Life.

We are on our journey. The world through which we are passing is, in some respects, like a turnpike—all along where Vice and Folly have erected toll-gates for the accommodation of those who choose to call as they go—and there are very few of all the hosts of travelers who do not occasionally stop a little at some one or other of them—and consequently pay more or less to the toll-gatherers. Pay more or less, I say, because there is a great variety as well in the amount as in the kind of toll exacted at these different stopping places.

Pride and fashion take heavy tolls of the purse, many a man has become a beggar by paying at their gates, the ordinary rates they charge are heavy, and the road that way is none of the best.

Pleasure offers a very smooth, delightful road in the outset; she tempts the traveler with many fair promises, and wins thousands, but she takes without mercy; like an artful robber she allures until she gets her victim in her power, and then strips him of health and money, and turns him off a miserable object into the worst and most rugged road of life.

Intemperance plays the part of a sturdy villain. He's the worst toll-gatherer on the road, for he not only takes from his customers their money and their health, but he robs them of their very brains. The men you meet on the road, ragged and ruined in frame and fortune, are his victims.

And so I might go on enumerating many others who gather toll of the unwary. Accidents sometimes happen, it is true, along the road, but those who do not get through at least tolerably well, you may be sure he has been stopping by the way at some of the places. The plain, common sense men, who travel straight forward, get through the journey without much difficulty.

This being the state of things, it becomes every one, in the outset, if he intends to make a comfortable journey, to take care what kind of company he keeps in with. We are all apt to do as companions do—

stop where they stop, and pay toll where they pay. Then the chances are one to ten; but our choice in this particular decides our fate.

Having paid due respect to a choice of companions, the next important thing is closely to observe how others manage; to mark the good or evil that is produced by every course of life—see how those do who manage well; by these means you learn.

Be careful of your habits; these make the man. And they require long and careful culture, ere they grow up to a second nature. Good habits I speak of. Bad habits are more easily acquired—they are spontaneous weeds, that flourish rapidly and rankly, without care or culture.

"FATHER IS DRUNK ALL THE TIME."—Such was the expression of a little child who came to our door a few days ago, begging for bread and clothing. "Father is drunk all the time." Poor child! what a volume of misery and woe are expressed in those six words.

Home, where comfort should have an abiding place, and where happiness should dwell as a ministering angel, is transformed into a hell upon earth by "Father being drunk all the time." Starvation, rags, and all the hideous forms of poverty, gather round the house of that father who "is drunk all the time." Mother broken-hearted, children growing up in ignorance and disgrace, unfitted to perform that part on the stage of life which the creator designed for them, are the result of "Father being drunk all the time."

"Father is drunk all the time." This little one knew the fact, could appreciate the effect, felt the pinching of hunger, had experienced the horrors of the past, and with emotions of grief, which no pen can describe, looks at the black gathering cloud which hangs over the future, from which no gleam of sunshine is visible, and from which he has no reasonable anticipation of better days.

Poor child! a beggar from door to door, a dependent upon the cold charities of a heartless world, with words of truth and frankness proclaiming the sad news of his own destitution, misery and disgrace, in order to get bread to sustain life, and clothes to protect him from the chilling winds of autumn and winter—and returning to his home, if, indeed, a home it may be called—his eyes meet the form of him who should be a protector, supporter, and friend—but the vigor of his manhood is gone—his intellect is impaired, his form is haggard and dejected, and the whole appearance of the victim again reminds the suffering child that "Father is drunk all the time."

[Alliance Times.]

RAFFLING FOR A BABY.—The Dubuque Express relates that a woman recently came to the Minnesota House in Duluth, with a young child, and after stopping a day or two suddenly left, minus the baby, and did not return. The landlord happened over to Dubuque, and mentioning the circumstances to a couple of friends, married but childless, one of them proposed to adopt the little one as his own. The other immediately made the same proposition, when a dispute arose as to which of the would-be "parents" should have the infantile wail. Finally, an appeal was made to the dice box. Quite a number of people gathered around the table, interested spectators of the singular contest, and the winner, named Kessler, was greeted with a shout of applause. The child is a pretty little girl, three weeks old, and its new-found parents are brimming over with happiness.

LOVELINESS.—It is not your neat dress, your expensive shawl, or your pretty fingers that attracts the attention of men of sense. They look beyond these. It is the true loveliness of your nature that wins and continues to retain the affections of the heart.

Young ladies sadly miss it who labor to improve their outward looks, while they bestow not a thought upon the mind.

Fools may be won by gew-gaws and fashionable showy dresses; but the wise and substantial are never caught by such traps. Let modesty be your dress.

Use pleasant and agreeable language, and though you may not be courted by the fop and the sop, the good and truly great will love to linger in your steps.

MANY of our citizens are a good deal discouraged by the late cold weather, and conclude it is the most remarkable "spell" ever experienced in this country. We have short memories. From our old files we learn that there was a "heavy frost" in this region on the 25th of July, 1845. Let us not despair. [Asheville News, 4th inst.]

TO BE HUNG.—There are two culprits to be hung in this State, on Friday, the 28th instant. One is Chesley Bontright, convicted and to be hung in Camden, and the other is Price, who was convicted, and is to be hung in Union.

"You have only yourself to please," said a married friend to an old bachelor. "True," replied he, "but you cannot tell what a difficult task I find it."